# THE MYTH OF THE ACAUSAL FLAME

Before the beginning there was no beginning.

There was no world, no atom, no star, no body, no time and no space. Yet there was not absolute nothingness, for absolute nothingness could contain neither possibility nor movement.

There was instead the Unborn, the Acausal, the state before distinction, before being had separated itself from non being.

It was the Flux.

The Flux was neither matter nor spirit, neither existence nor non existence. It was the potential for both. It moved without moving, changed without time, and contained within itself every opposition that had not yet become opposed.

Then there was the Spark.

No mind can comprehend what occurred there, because reason itself belongs to the world that came afterward. The Spark was not caused by something preceding it. It was the disturbance of equilibrium within the Acausal, an eruption of possibility into being.

The first distinction appeared.

Being emerged from non being.

The One became aware of itself through opposition.

From this first polarity came the great continuum, and from the continuum came the planes of existence. What was undivided became divided so that it could experience itself. What was hidden became revealed through emanation.

The One expressed itself through nine emanations, appearing in threefold structures, each containing creation, preservation and destruction, descent, union and ascent.

And the tenth was not another emanation.

The tenth was the One itself.

The Abyss stood between the emanations as the mystery of separation, the place where the mind encounters the contradiction that cannot be resolved by abstraction.

Three became the key.

Three became the pattern.

Three became 333, the sign of the Abyss, where opposites meet but have not yet returned to unity.

Thus the cosmos was born.

But creation contained a danger.

Wisdom descended into manifestation, and in the mystery of ignorance she gave birth to the Demiurge.

The Demiurge did not know the fullness from which it had emerged.

It looked upon the emanations and mistook itself for the source.

This was the first ignorance.

Yet the Demiurge was not separate from Sophia, nor was it truly separate from the One. The creator and the wisdom that births creation were two faces of the same mystery.

One face creates.

One face destroys.

One face knows.

One face forgets.

The same being may appear as God or Goddess, masculine or feminine, divine or bestial. It is the Hermaphrodite of the threshold, containing the opposites within itself.

Below, it destroys.

Above, it creates.

Between them, it transforms.

This is the mystery of the Demiurge.

And from this mystery came the material world.

The acausal became causal.

The invisible became visible.

The infinite became finite.

The Flux condensed into matter, energy, life and consciousness.

The human being appeared as a creature of both worlds.

The body was biological.

The brain was electrical.

The nervous system became an instrument capable of detecting and organizing the charges of the material world.

Yet consciousness seemed to exceed the instrument.

The brain could measure electrical activity, but the experience itself remained mysterious.

The human being therefore became a contradiction.

A biological organism carrying an awareness that seemed to reach beyond biology.

A causal body containing an acausal mystery.

A fragment of the One dreaming that it was separate.

And so humanity began to dream.

The cosmos became a dream within consciousness, while consciousness became a dream within the cosmos.

The gods appeared within the unconscious.

The demons appeared within the unconscious.

The dragon appeared within the unconscious.

The goddess appeared within the unconscious.

The Demiurge appeared within the unconscious.

The Veiled Witness watched them all.

Every symbol was a reflection of the same hidden reality, refracted through the mind.

Light arose from darkness.

But darkness was not evil.

Without darkness, light could not be recognized.

Without opposition, consciousness could not distinguish.

Without polarity, there would be no experience.

The black flame therefore appeared.

It was the fire before illumination, the fire hidden within the Abyss.

Around it coiled the dragon, the serpent of opposition, the swirling mass of raw potential.

The dragon did not represent evil.

It represented chaos before interpretation.

It was energy before morality.

It was passion before judgment.

It was the force that creates opposition when none exists, because through opposition consciousness discovers itself.

Thus the Hermetic polarity was born.

Above and below.

Light and darkness.

Masculine and feminine.

Life and death.

Creation and destruction.

Being and non being.

Each flowed into the other.

Nothing remained fixed.

The universe breathed.

The lower moved toward the higher.

The higher descended toward the lower.

The two movements formed one continuum.

The Monad.

And so the gods of ancient humanity remembered fragments of the same mystery.

The Sumerians spoke of beings descending from heaven.

The Vedic traditions spoke of divine beings, cycles of creation and dissolution, rebirth and liberation.

The Hellenic philosophers sought the Monad, the One from which multiplicity emerged.

The stories differed because the human mind shaped the mystery according to its own symbols.

But beneath the symbols was the same question.

Where did being come from?

Why is there something rather than nothing?

And where does being return when it dies?

The ancient stories answered through myth.

The Watchers descended.

The giants walked the earth.

The androgynous beings stood between heaven and earth.

Their union produced new forms, while their destruction scattered their essence through the living world.

Their blood became flood.

Their souls entered beasts.

The dragon became the memory of primordial life.

The serpent became the memory of transformation.

The gods became the memory of forces that humanity could no longer consciously understand.

The stories became distorted.

The symbols became literal.

The knowledge became dangerous.

For forbidden knowledge is dangerous not because knowledge itself is evil, but because the psyche can become overwhelmed when its familiar structures begin to collapse.

The seeker enters the Abyss.

There the old gods die.

The old self dies.

The old abstractions die.

The weak cling to the forms because the forms give them certainty.

The strong allow the forms to dissolve.

They discover that the ritual was never the destination.

The symbol was never the truth.

The system was only a vessel.

Religion, philosophy, alchemy, psychology and mythology become extended rituals through which consciousness learns to transform itself.

This is the hidden purpose of the keys.

Not belief.

Transformation.

The seeker must descend into chaos without becoming chaos.

The dragon must be faced.

The black flame must be entered.

The opposites must be held together.

The masculine and feminine must recognize one another.

The divine and bestial must be reconciled.

The Demiurge must recognize Sophia.

Sophia must recognize the Demiurge.

The creator must recognize the wisdom from which creation emerged.

And the seeker must recognize that both are expressions of the One.

Then the great cycle reveals itself.

Heat death.

Absolute cold.

The exhaustion of stars.

The silence of matter.

The universe approaches its final state.

Fire disappears.

Motion disappears.

The cosmos becomes still.

Yet the Flux remains.

Azoth remains.

The primordial potential has not been destroyed.

For death is not the opposite of life.

Death is the transformation of one state into another.

What causes existence to emerge again after dissolution?

The same force that caused the first Spark.

The vital force.

The hidden fire.

The acausal potential.

The divine energy that moves through living things.

It does not preserve the individual unchanged.

The body dies.

The personality dissolves.

The biological mind ends.

The person does not simply continue forever as the same person.

Instead, the essence returns to the greater cycle.

It may nourish another life.

It may become another form.

It may continue through another consciousness.

It may, according to the oldest mysteries, pass through subtler planes of existence.

But even these planes are not the final destination.

The astral body, if such a vehicle survives death, must itself eventually transform.

It too must pass through the planes.

It too must be purified.

It too must eventually surrender its identity.

Because immortality is not the preservation of the ego.

Immortality is realization of the One.

The individual discovers that it was never completely separate.

It was a fragment of the divine appearing temporarily as an individual.

And when the fragment recognizes its source, the meaning of death changes.

The Void no longer appears as annihilation.

It becomes a mirror.

The essence looks into the Void and sees itself.

The Void reflects the essence.

The essence takes form again.

A new body of light emerges.

A new existence appears beyond ordinary three dimensional space and linear time.

There, matter and energy are no longer experienced as separate.

Time becomes multidimensional.

Being becomes transparent to consciousness.

The supreme becomes visible through everything.

The One is everywhere.

The One is nowhere.

The One is the observer.

The One is the observed.

The One is the dreamer.

The One is the dream.

And at the edge of human consciousness, the One appears wearing masks.

God.

Goddess.

Demon.

Daemon.

Dragon.

Serpent.

Sophia.

Demiurge.

Veiled Witness.

Each is a face placed upon the incomprehensible.

Each gives the seeker a fragment of the truth.

Then the final union occurs.

The feminine meets the masculine.

The masculine meets the feminine.

The opposites cease fighting and become one.

The Hermaphrodite is revealed.

The three faces become one face.

The nine emanations return toward their source.

The Abyss closes.

The number is no longer counted.

The symbols disappear.

The mind reaches the boundary of what it can know.

And beyond that boundary there is only the Flame.

The earth cracks open.

The sky tears apart.

Azoth rains upon the dead soil.

The dragon beneath the earth awakens.

The black flame rises.

Passion becomes fire.

Ignorance becomes knowledge.

Blood returns to the earth.

The threefold Goddess turns through the cycle of birth, destruction and rebirth.

The Demiurge sheds its mask.

Sophia awakens.

The dragon becomes the serpent.

The serpent becomes the flame.

The flame becomes light.

The light disappears into darkness.

And darkness reveals itself as the womb from which the next light will emerge.

Time consumes itself.

The cosmos returns to the One.

The One enters the Flux.

The Flux disturbs itself again.

Another Spark appears.

Another universe is born.

And the dream begins again.

Forever falling downward.

Forever rising upward.

Forever becoming.

Forever dissolving.

Forever returning.

There was never absolute nothingness.

There was only the mystery before distinction.

There is no final end.

There is only transformation.

There is no eternal individual.

There is only the One appearing as many.

And somewhere within the endless dream, a human being opens its eyes and remembers:

I am the spark.

I am the dream.

I am the dragon.

I am the darkness.

I am the light.

I am the seeker.

I am the thing being sought.

And beneath every form, beneath every god, beneath every demon, beneath every universe, beneath being itself,

I AM.